

1500/153

PAMELA:

OR, THE

FAIR IMPOSTOR.

A

POEM,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum.

JO. BAPT.

*Postremo, captus amore Aureliæ Orestillæ, cujus, præter
formam, nihil unquam bonus laudavit.*

SALLUST.

By J - - - - W - - - -, Esq;

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. BEVINS, under the Crown Coffee-house, against
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M DCC XLIV.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence.)

P A M E L A
 FOR THE
 FAIR IN
 P O R T
 IN FIVE CENTS



I am writing to you
 to tell you that
 I am well and hope
 you are the same.
 I am
 Yours truly,
 J. B.

BY J. B. W.

LONDON:
 Printed by J. B. W. under the Crown Office,
 at the Sign of the Crown,
 in the Strand.
 And sold by J. B. W. at the Sign of the Crown,
 in the Strand.
 MDCCCLXII.
 (Price One Shilling and Sixpence)

P A M E L A.

C A N T O I.

OF Female Wiles I sing, their subtle Art,
To lure Mankind, and captivate the Heart;
O'er human Race their Empire to extend,
Whom Reason's Aid 's too feeble to defend.

YE sacred Choir, who haunt *Parnassus'* Height, 5
And with your Songs enamour'd Gods delight!
Lyæus, Ceres, to my Pray'r attend!
Inspire my Verse, as you my Theme befriend;
Without you, *Venus'* self in vain essays
To fire the Blood, or give the Pow'r to please. 10
Come, all ye bright Inhabitants of Heav'n:
Each, in your Turns, against these Wiles have striv'n;

B

But

But strove in vain !-----And ye, unpractis'd Fair,
 Who, yet unskill'd to spread the artful Snare,
 Instructed here, may make your Conquests sure ; 15
 So Beauty's Sway shall o'er the World endure.
 And come, ye Youths, who yet condemn the Chain :
 Learn hence, how weak a Contest you sustain,
 If e'er to strive against the Force of Love,
 Your utmost Pow'r or Wisdom you would prove ; 20
 Ye Youths and Virgins, hear th' instructive Lays,
 Be yours the Profit, but be mine the Praise.

OH ! Love, how pow'rful over human Souls !
 How weak is Reason, where thy Force controuls !
 As mighty Streams from narrow Fountains flow, 25
 Extend their Course, and widen as they go,
 So, like a Torrent rushing to the Main,
 Love, in its Birth, however slight and vain,
 Bears with resistless Force upon the Heart,
 Glows in each Vein, and preys on ev'ry Part. 30

THIS Secret soon the fair PAMELA found,
 Whose Beauty spreads unnumber'd Conquests round,

Such



Such is the matchless Magic of her Eyes,
 Where *Cupids* sport, and Love in ambush lies;
 With practis'd Wiles, and with bewitching Charms, 35
 She wins, O Shame! Sir BLUNDER to her Arms.
 Sir BLUNDER, proud of an illustrious Line,
 Unmeaning, honest, and, tho' awkward, fine;
 Vain of his Wealth, he ev'ry Beauty forms;
 " Dem me,---I love you, Me'm---but I hate Forms; 40
 " What say you? tell me, can you like me, Miss?
 He pauses---and then struggles for a Kiss;
 Looks at his Watch ;---" A Pox! I must be gone;
 " Adieu, my Angel. ---Call the Chariot, JOHN."
 Patting her Cheek, away, in haste, he scours; 45
 Wastes, with another Fair, his wanton Hours.

BUT still, as some malignant Planets shed
 Their baleful Influence o'er a female Head;
 Or if the Guardian Spirits of the Fair,
 Neglectful of their Charge, forget their Care; 50
 Whate'er the Cause, or Chance, or Fortune's Fault,
 Ladies love Blockheads better than they ought;

And often find it fatal, to their Cost,
 When Virtue, Honour,---all that's dear is lost :
 Like Roses pluck'd, the Fav'rites of a Day, 55
 A while admir'd, then cheaply thrown away ;
 The pointed Mark of all malicious Sneers,
 And the sad Subject of dull Sonnetteers.
 Unhappy GODFREY, credulous and weak,
 Had long resign'd the last important Stake. 60
 Th'unguarded Nymph her broken Honour mean'd,
 And nine long Months with the sad Burden groan'd.

THE fair PAMELA, so obscurely born,
 Her Father reap'd, and Mother glean'd the Corn ;
 The good old Couple, in a Cottage blest, 65
 Sweet'ned the Labours of the Day with Rest :
 Strangers to Frauds and Flatteries of Courts,
 To Rumours, Lyes, and busy Fame's Reports ;
 The Little, Fortune gave, enjoy'd in Health,
 Far from the Pomp and Miseries of Wealth ; 70
 From mad Ambition, and obnoxious Cares,
 From Councils, Politics, and State Affairs ;

In A

From

From honest Industry drew all their Store,
Nor, discontented, ever sigh'd for more.

HERE first PAMELA drew the vernal Air, 75
The beauteous Daughter of this happy Pair ;
And had, whilst Innocence preserv'd her Charms,
(But, oh ! what Pow'r can Beauty guard from Harms!)
Had such excessive Sweetness in her Face,
Nature grew lavish to supply each Grace : 80
Beauty, which o'er the World might well prevail,
And lead Mankind in Chains---but she was frail.
However, absent, you may tax her Fame,
But once behold her, and you cannot blame ;
Her Eyes with such resistless Motion roll, 85
One Look disarms all Rage, and wins the Soul.

PAMELA now forsakes the rural Plains,
The humble Cottage, and the sighing Swains,
Her weeping Parents, and her mourning Friends,
Equipt for Service, and as Maid attends ; 90
A few sad Drops at Parting cloud her Eyes ;
Her throbbing Heart sends forth a thousand Sighs ;
And

And as she journeys, often turns to view
Those blisful Scenes so lately bid adieu.

The Sun less glorious, from the Eastern Skies,
When from the purple Dawn his Beams arise,
Paints the gay Morn, and gilds the chearful Day,
Or darts his Rays along the trembling Sea,
Than fair PAMELA, when those Clouds are fled,
Gather'd by Tears in filial Duty shed:

95

100

So cast her Eyes their brighter Glances round,
And give each youthful Breast a pleasing Wound.

BUT now she shines in Furbeloes and Lace,
A young, pert, beauteous Chambermaid, in Place,
A Lady's Fav'rite in a tawdry Gown,
The fairest, but the vainest in the Town.
Nor did one Flatt'rer yet Admittance find,
To raise the least Disturbance in her Mind;
Tho' Crouds the Victims of her Beauty fall,
With like Contempt she overlooks them all:
Cautious she acts, tho' difficult the Part,
For still the Female plays about her Heart.

105

110

The

T H E Queen of Love, to whose peculiar Care
Jove has assign'd the Empire of the Fair,
 Ere yet PAMELA breathes the genial Day, 115
 Asserts her Empire, and confirms her Sway :
 With early Care resistless Charms creates,
 Implores *Minerva*, and implores the *Fates* :
 By turns implores all the Cœlestial Pow'rs, 120
 Implores bright *Hymen*, and the rip'ning *Hours* ;
 Implores the *Graces*, and the *Muses* Aid,
 To bless the Birth of this heroic Maid.
 Consenting Deities their Gifts bestow,
 While *Juno* mixes complicated Woe ;
 And as the Thread of Life the *Sisters* drew, 125
 She mingled Shame and Falshood in the Clue :
 To both the *Fates* an equal Homage paid,
 And *Juno* now, and *Venus*, is obey'd.
 Thus envious *Juno*, from contracted Hate,
 Ere her first Dawn of Life, fore-doom'd her Fate ; 130
 And plac'd malignant Spirits at her Birth,
 Obnoxious Gnomes, and mischievous on Earth ;
 Prudes in this Life, who long neglected dy'd,
 Who curse their Folly, and lament their Pride ;
 Who

Who all the Malice of their Lives retain, 135
 The cruel Joy of giving others Pain.
 And thus the Sister, and the Wife of *Jove*,
 For ever adverse to the Queen of Love,
 Deeply revolves the future Vengeance o'er,
 Nor persecuted great *Alcides* more. 140

W H I L E *Venus* meditates the future Maid,
 And summons Sylphs and Sylphids to her Aid :
 " A Nymph, she cry'd, shall soon the World adorn,
 " Belov'd by me, in distant *Britain* born.
 " Thither, ye bright ærial Sprites repair, 145
 " And guard from future Harms the Infant Fair ;
 " Nor once neglect to watch around her Bed,
 " Or on her Pillow perch, or o'er her Head :
 " Banish th' intruding Fop, and cox'ning Beau,
 " And watch the wide Extremity below. 150
 " There most I fear---but, much I fear, will fail
 " A guardian Spirit, if the Flesh prevail."
 Thus spoke the Goddess ; all the Spirits fly,
 And dart like Light'ning thro' the liquid Sky ;
 With busy Care attend the growing Dame, 155
 To guard her Honour, and secure her Fame.

End of the First C A N T O.

C A N T O II.

*P*AMELA now beholds with joyful Eyes,
 Just at Fifteen, resistless Charms arise :
 Darts, Flames, and Passions, echo in her Ear,
 And pressing Lovers in large Crouds appear ;
 But still her Pride and future Hopes repel 5
 Those Flames her Eyes had Pow'r to raise so well.
 Peers, Beaux, and Footmen, drag her heavy Chains,
 And vent their Woes in melancholy Strains :
 Fruitless all Efforts, all Attempts upon her,
 To bribe her Virtue, or betray her Honour. 10
 Too nice, a drudging Footman's Wife to be ;
 And she'd be no Man's Mistress!—no, not she !
 Offers despis'd might Duchesses betray ;
 For Fate protracted still the destin'd Day.

BUT now her Tears again begin to flow, 15
 And her Heart sinks beneath a Weight of Woe :

C

Her

Her bounteous Lady now resigns her Breath,
 And hers the Task to close her Eyes in Death.
 Here fix'd awhile o'er the sad Corse she stands,
 Weeps, sighs, and stares, and lifts her helpless Hands: 20
 So, when expiring in a purple Flood,
 The Queen of Beauty o'er *Adonis* stood,
 Awhile the weeping Goddess clouds her Charms,
 And of their Lustre Grief her Eyes disarms:
 But soon those Eyes their former Force resume, 25
 Again she brightens with superior Bloom;
 Still more illustrious glides along the Plain,
 Darts purer Rays, and is ador'd again.
 Sir BLUNDER now, with ample Fortune blest,
 Sees both his Parents in the Grave at Rest; 30
 Of large Domains possess'd in Simple Fee,
 From weighty Mortgages and Jointures free:
 With deep Designs he acts a double Part;
 To win, and to betray, PAMELA's Heart.
 With deeper Art yet acts the cautious Fair, 35
 Nor bids him hope, nor bids him yet despair;
 Throws forth those Lures so seldom known to fail,
 Yet doubtful holds the Balance of the Scale.

Sudden

(I I)

Sudden she darts the Lightning of her Eyes,
Calls forth her Charms, and bids her Colour rise; 40
Then looks with meek Confusion on the Ground,
While glowing Blushes give a deeper Wound:
With vary'd Art she plays the subtle Game,
And e'en her Frowns but fan the rising Flame.
The future Prospect of a happy Life, 45
Of rumbling Coaches, and an honour'd Wife;
Of Flambeaux, Titles, Equipage, and Noise,
And a long Series of protracted Joys;
Of Courts, Plays, Operas, Assemblies, Beaux,
Of Lap-dogs, Parrots, Masquerades, and Shows, 50
The chief Ambition of the Female Kind,
Like flowing Tides come rushing on her Mind.

MEANTIME Sir BLUNDER, anxious to betray,
Fix'd on Enjoyment, meditates the Way;
While the malicious Gnomes, on Mischief bent, 55
From his guilt Box, in Snuff these Vapours sent:
' Night will secure her Fears, her Blushes hide;
' 'Twas Night when *Sextus* forc'd the *Roman* Bride:

' Night gives the Virgin loose Desires unseen,
 ' May give a Slave th' Embraces of a Queen : 60
 ' Then modest Matrons all their Fears remove,
 ' Glow with Desire, and give a Loose to Love,
 ' When no obtruding, busy Eyes betray ---
 ' All Deeds of Love abhor the tell-tale Day :
 ' Then Night must guide me to PAMELA'S Arms, 65
 ' Conceal her Blushes, and reveal her Charms ;
 ' When strong Compulsion may alone prevail,
 ' If Hopes of Gain, and proffer'd Friendship, fail.'

BIG with the Project now, the plotting Knight,
 Impatient waits the slow Approach of Night ; 70
 But faithful *Ariel's* watchful Care destroys
 The happy Issue of his promis'd Joys,
 And warns his little Legions of the Air,
 To guard PAMELA with redoubled Care.
 ' Some heavy Cloud, which yet the Fates decree, 75
 ' She may, with Care, avoid, (he cry'd) I see
 ' Impends, this Night, o'er fair PAMELA'S Head,
 ' Ere th' unsuspecting Maid forsakes her Bed :

Or

‘ Or if a Lover, by Appointment, meets,
 ‘ To gain a Kiss, or slip between the Sheets ; 80
 ‘ Or if to steal some precious, private Thing----
 ‘ ----A secret Lock to beautify a Ring----
 ‘ Her Top-knot, Snuff-box, Girdle, or her Shoes,
 ‘ Or some more trifling Toy a Maid may lose :
 ‘ Of these be diligent, be these your Care, 85
 ‘ I’ll be myself the Guardian of the Hair
 ‘ That on her Head, and that which grows elsewhere.’ }
 He said, and strait they catch the flying Sound,
 And, flutt’ring on the Wing, their Ward surround.

PAMELA, now in Sleep, forgets her Cares, 90
 Her Parents, Lovers ; nay, indeed---her Pray’rs ;
 Sunk down to Rest, while busy Sylphs attend,
 Nor yet dare one malicious Gnome offend :
 Some perch upon the painted Snuff-box Lid ;
 Some in the Carvings of the Buckles hid ; 95
 By the Bed’s Head a Chair supported those,
 While the last Pinch regal’d the Fair-one’s Nose ;
 Some in the double Foldings of the Bed ;
Ariel himself was plac’d about her Head :

While

While some the Girdle, some the Top-knot mind, 100
And each applies him to the Task assign'd.

THE Knight, with Love now raging to Excess,
From his close Ambush sees the Fair undress;
Flames with Desire to see her Neck, her Breast,
Her Arms, her Legs, her---Muse, conceal the rest: 105
As *Paris* once beheld in *Ida's* Grove,
The naked Beauties of the Queen of Love:
But, had *PAMELA* then her Rival been,
She'd won the Apple from the *Cyprian* Queen.

THE Knight, unable longer to contain, 110
Attempts *PAMELA*, but attempts in vain.
Just as he enters, *Ariel* claps his Wings,
And on the Cheek the sleeping Beauty stings;
And softly whispers, 'Do not yet resign
'Thy virgin Treasure, and Sir *BLUNDER's* thine. 115
'Drive him, oh! drive him, distant from thy Bed:
'He loves to Madness, and in time will wed.
'Keep but your Honour spotless from Reproach,
'Think on those Charms, a Title, and a Coach.'

She

She wakes, and screams to see a Man so near ; 120

He seizes ; and she struggles to get clear.

‘ I must---he cry’d---PAMELA---yes---I must’---

And in the naked Bed one Leg he thrust :

His trembling Arms around her Body throws,

Clings to her Breast, and spurns away the Cloaths. 125

Clasp’d in his Arms the struggling Beauty lay,

(Tho’ not in Raptures) till she dy’d away.

Resistless now ! submitted to his Will !

Had not her Guardian Sylphs preserv’d her still ;

They give PAMELA Courage to controul, 130

And mingle Pity with Sir BLUNDER’s Soul.

He now recedes ! but he recedes with Loss---

Of Honour only---stands with Arms across :

Intense he stands, and views the prostrate Dame,

With rising Blushes, and with conscious Shame. 135

She now revives, and the loud Storm grows high,

And the big Drops come rolling from her Eye.

‘ What mighty Conquest can your Honour make ?

‘ Or what have I to give, or you to take ?

‘ She cry’d, (while he almost a Statue stood). 140

‘ Alas ! my Virtue is my only Good.

.. Seek

‘ Seek not to ruin a young Maiden so :
‘ Good-night, your Honour--pray your Honour, go :
‘ Tho’ poor my Parents, yet they’re honest, sure ;
‘ Indeed they’d blush to hear I’d be a Whore. 145
‘ No ! no ! PAMELA never will do that.’---
And down (loose wrapp’d) upon the Bed she fat.

ME A N TIME the Knight, with anxious Thoughts
oppress’d,
(For Love’s fierce Flames blaz’d stronger in his Breast)
Views, with desiring Eyes, her Person o’er ; 150
Her Birth distracts him---but her Beauty more.
‘ My Pride forbids I should PAMELA wed,’
(He thinks) ‘ and yet I must partake her Bed :
‘ What cautious Step can yet secure my Fame ?
‘ Or she, or I, must suffer certain Shame.’ 155

TH U S, musing with himself, awhile he stands ;
Then, slow advancing, takes her by the Hands,
And thus ; “ Excuse, PAMELA, this Intrusion,
“ Excuse the Cause of all this vast Confusion :

“ Your

“ Your Master is your Penitent become, 160

“ Look up, and speak---why, Child, you are not dumb!

“ Can you forgive ?”---She faintly utters---“ Yes.”

Sir BLUNDER seals his Pardon with a Kiss ;

Retires for Rest, but he retires in vain ;

For lustful Longings fill his troubled Brain ; 165

Prevent his Eyelids the whole Night to close,

Disturb his Mind, and banish soft Repose.

NOT so the Nymph, who soon forgets her Fears,

Secures the Closet, and dries up her Tears,

Sleeps in Content the silent Night away, 170

And rolls and tumbles half the following Day ;

While busy Sylphs again resume their Care,

Breathe pleasant Dreams, and guard the slumb'ring Fair.

End of the Second CANTO.

D

C A N T O III.

NOW pleading Counsels were by Fools retain'd;
 And ruin'd Clients of their Money drain'd :
 Now the new Bridegroom long had left his Bride ;
 And Judges, brib'd, had set Decrees aside :
Betty had stolen from her Master's Room ; 5
 And trembling Criminals attend their Doom.
 Now busy Footmen brush th' unpaid-for Clothes,
 And the stiff Dun to 's Lordship's Levee goes.
 The greasy Duchess at her Toilet now
 Repairs the wrinkled Face, and grizly Brow. 10
Phœbus had half the teeming Earth survey'd,
 Ere yet his Beams awak'd the lovely Maid,
 Ere yet those Eyes unclos'd, whose Light'ning plays
 Beyond the Lustre of his purest Rays.
 But no wrought * Slipper knocks against the Ground, 15
 And no press'd Watch returns a Silver Sound :

* Vide *Rape of the Lock*.

No Maids attend, no shining Toilet's grac'd,
PAMELA's only by PAMELA lac'd.

No Menial stands, with gentle Care to move
The shining Tortoise thro' the sable Grove. 20

No other Hands to deck her but her own,
And her kind Sylphs, perceptible to none.

These bright Aërials, with officious Care,
Still give a glad Attendance on the Fair ;
Or bind the Cestus, or adorn the Head, 25
Or plait the Manteau, or the Apron spread.

PAMELA now another Goddess moves,
Consults her Mirror, and her Face approves :
Where no Cosmetic, where no Art bestows
The crimson Coral, or the blushing Rose ; 30
The panting Breast, that shames descending Snow,
Or Gales that richer than *Arabia* flow :

For Art, at best, but fading Beauty gives,
A short-liv'd Bloom, that but a Moment lives.
Vain of those Charms that gay Fifteen inspires, 35
Those Aids she scorns, declining Age requires.

Her nimble Fingers now the Needle wield,
(The Middle guarded by a silver Shield)

Thro' the thin Cambric drives the pointed Steel,
 So small, that few except herself could feel ; 40
 When *Ariel* perching on the Pin that bound
 The Lawn that wrapp'd her whiter Neck around,
 Conveys these strong Ideas to her Mind :
 ' What Safety here can poor PAMELA find !
 ' Fly then, PAMELA, and preserve thy Fame, 45
 ' Thy Stay must terminate in certain Shame.
 ' Who knows what Fortune has reserv'd in Store ;
 ' Sir BLUNDER ne'er will marry his own Whore :
 ' And should he tempt me by a second Trial,
 ' My Heart, I doubt, would give a faint Denial. 50
 ' I'm now amongst the Beaux a reigning Toast,
 ' Must make my Fortune ere my Beauty's lost :
 ' Love is a Passion Reason cannot guide,
 ' Love conquers Reason, and will conquer Pride.
 ' Now for a Master-piece of Female Art, 55
 ' T' alarm his Love, and yet secure his Heart :
 ' Last Night has furnish'd me with just Pretence ;---
 ' I'll change my Dress, and seem to go from hence.
 ' What Habit best will do ?--- A Quaker's Stuff
 ' Will shew my Shape, and is genteel enough. 60

' How

- ‘ How many have I known to sigh in vain
- ‘ For Folly past, and fruitlessly complain ;
- ‘ Bewail the Moment the Deceiver came ;
- ‘ When small Resistance might have sav’d their Fame !
- ‘ Then shun Temptation, be a Female Wonder ; 65
- ‘ And, what is more,--PAMELA Lady BLUNDER.’

BIG with this Project, now she musters all
 Her little Fortune in the common Hall ;
 On *Jervis* calls to view the Bundle o’er,
 Cautious of being thought a Thief as Whore ; 70
 [*Jervis*, who o’er the House-Affairs presides]
 And thus her Little, but her All, divides :

- “ These Stays, these Stockings, my dear Lady gave,
- “ (But, rest her Soul, she’s happy in her Grave.)
- “ This Apron---no---this is my own---quite clean--- 75
- “ And this foul Shift---indecent to be seen !
- “ This Silver Ribbon, and these Shoes, once braided,
- “ This Gown, twice turn’d, but flimsy now, and faded ;
- “ This Cambric Handkerchief the Monkey tore,
- “ My Lady’s Present, which I never wore : 80

“ This

- “ This Lawn about my Neck, I got one Day
 “ My Lady gave me when I tedded Hay.
 “ That’s all, I think---now, Mrs. *Jervis*, see,
 “ There’s nothing else but what belongs to me.
 “ This Pair of Mittins, and this Smelling-Bottle, 85
 “ This other Apron, and this * *Harrystottle* ;
 “ This round-ear’d Cap, two more are at the Wash,
 “ That’s all !---besides this Huffle, for my Trash.
 “ These none can keep ; but let his Honour know
 “ I’ll leave the rest behind me when I go. 90
 “ You ’re kind to poor PAMELA, Mrs. *Jervis*,
 “ And many Thanks for all your Love and Service.”

THE Knight, who, long conceal’d behind the Screen,
 Had all these Actions of PAMELA seen ;
 Dumb with Surprize, and dying with Despair, 95
 With greedy Hopes pursues the flying Fair.
 Too heedless ! marks not the design’d Deceit,
 The female Fallacy, and coz’ning Cheat.

* Aristotle’s *Masterpiece*.

So the melodious Lark, on soaring Wings,
 Thro' yielding Air in wild Rotation sings, 100
 Hears from afar his mimic Voice below,
 Pursues the Sound, nor does the Falshood know ;
 While the fly Fowler draws the silent Strings,
 Mounts the Decoys, and down the Songster springs ;
 Too late he struggles to regain the Air, 105
 And pants, and flutters, helpless, in the Snare.
 Thus she, in short Excursions, seems to fly,
 Slackens her Pace, and draws Sir BLUNDER nigh.
 The Bird of Love allures him to the Net,
 By that Deceiver, fatal Beauty, set, 110
 Where vainly struggling but entangles more,
 And breaks those Pinions which could mount before.

HIS Mind he now on Stratagems employs,
 Bent to obtain, by Force or Fraud, his Joys ;
 Prevails at length on the reluctant Maid 115
 (Now to her Wish compulsively delay'd)
 T' accept the Chariot ere the Fortnight ends,
 To leave her safe in Credit with her Friends.

Mean

Meantime new Arts she practises to move
 The Knight, entangled in the Toils of Love: 120
 Not more the Wretch who haunts a Court in vain,
 The Country Curate, or the City Dean,
 The half-pay Hero, long diffus'd to fight,
 The voting Burgess, or the cringing Knight,
 Sighs for Preferment, than Sir BLUNDER sighs 125
 To make the fair PAMELA's Heart his Prize.
 Not more a broken Gamester longs to play,
 Nor the high Pensioner for Quarter-Day;
 Not more a Lady longs new Modes to try,
 Or the young Heir to see his Father die, 130
 Than he to bribe PAMELA to his Will,
 And yet keep free from galling Wedlock still!
 While she with secret Raptures sees his Flame,
 Throws forth new Lures, and plays a surer Game:
 Mistress of Policy, new Arts essays, 135
 Earnest to go, she forms still new Delays;
 She seems to hate, and yet he's ever dear;
 To shun his Presence, yet she's ever near.
 So Sportsmen seem to shun the Game in view,
 Obliquely look, and glancingly pursue. 140

NOW

N O W, stript of all that swells a Female Heart,
 The Pride of Dress, and Eloquence of Art,
 In home-spun Stuff she moves with greater Grace,
 Like bright *Diana* in the Sylvan Chace.
 Her Eyes, the Darts that give the fatal Blow, 145
 And lay the savage Lords of Reason low.
 With study'd Graces, and a Mein compos'd,
 Her Snow-white Breast, her Arms and Neck disclos'd;
 With all her Charms display'd in this Disguise,
 To fire Sir BLUNDER's Heart with new Surprize, 150
 To bind him faster in her Chains, she goes,
 Fair as the Morn, more lovely than the Rose.
 Full of herself, and doubting to be known,
 Where he in pensive Sadness sat alone,
 Sudden she turns, and smiling as she turns, 155
 Th' unguarded Knight with quick Impatience burns:
 Amaz'd surveys! and scarce can Utterance find,
 Stands like an Aspin trembling to the Wind;
 Till, more collected, he perceives the Cheat,
 Smiles at the Fraud, and favours the Deceit: 160
 With eager Joy a thousand times he kiss'd her,
 Nor would he know PAMELA from her Sister.

The melting Maid had near resign'd her Charms,
 And almost gave up all within his Arms ;
 But *Ariel* yet the fated Hour suspends, 165
 When, with his Care, PAMELA's Honour ends.
 Sudden she springs, and with a Scream she flies,
 And leaves the Knight transfix'd with deep Surprise.

End of the Third CANTO.

C A N T O IV.

AS skilful Generals with watchful Eyes
 Concert an Ambush, or avoid Surprize,
 Feign fearful Flights, yet gain Advantage too,
 And sometimes this, and sometimes that pursue;
 Doubt their own Strength, to stand the Chance of War, 5
 Shun the close Fight, and skirmish from afar:
 The cautious Couple, equally afraid,
 The humble Master, and th' imperious Maid,
 Alike reserv'd, still keep the doubtful Field,
 Contend for Conquest, and disdain to yield; 10
 While one great End alike directs them all,
 The Hero's Ruin, or the Virgin's Fall.

BUT now the Knight beholds th' appointed Day
 By proud PAMELA fix'd to go away.

" Can Love repuls'd no lucky Thought devise ? 15

(The pensive melancholy Lover cries)

" Must this imperious Beauty triumph still ?

" Spread a wide WASTE, and, like a Tyrant, kill ?

" Yet all want Force to speed th' unerring Dart !

" And find one secret Passage to her Heart ! 20

" Yes, spight of Caution, this insulting Dame

" Shall meet my Love, and quench my am'rous Flame !

" Fraud shall obtain what I in vain implore,

" Nor will I meanly use Intreaties more !

" No Parents yet shall bless the kneeling Fair, 25

" While I sustain the Curse of deep Despair !

" PAMELA ! yes, my faithful Char'oteer

" Shall to that lonely Mansion *Bedfordshire*,

" Swift as the Wind my winged Couriers guide,

" Where you my Passion may in vain deride ! 30

" Where, un-oppos'd, I may protract my Joys,

" And taste the rich Repast, secure from Noise ;

" Where sure Allays my eager Love shall have,

" Secret as Night, and silent as the Grave !"

MEAN-

MEANTIME PAMELA, earnest to be gone, 35
 In Hopes the more to draw Sir BLUNDER on,
 With throbbing Heart, and intervening Fears,
 With Hopes, Doubts, Wishes, mingled Sighs and Tears,
 Takes Leave of all, except the thoughtful Knight,
 Who now, for Ease of Mind, avoids her Sight. 40
 Not so PAMELA, spight of all her Pride,
 Who, smiling, throws the sounding Portal wide;
 Swift as a Phantom glides along the Room,
 With brighter Glances, and superior Bloom;
 Takes her last Leave, and, bending most profound, 45
 Returns her Thanks, and casts her Beams around.
 So darts the Sun a sudden trembling Ray
 Thro' the thick Clouds, and cheers the louring Day;
 The mourning Family lamenting view
 The parting Maid, and bid a long adieu. 50

AND now the treach'rous Knight begins to stare
 Thro' the close Casement, and discerns the Fair;
 He mingles Tears! so strongly Beauty moves!
 For weeping Beauty melts the Heart that loves.

The Births of Fancy that expire in Sighs.

The most auspicious Hour of his Success, 55
 His glowing Heart partakes of her Distress!
 Whilst Women, naturally prone to Ill,
 Thro' real Love, like *Deianira* kill!

SOON as the neighing Steeds begin their Flight,
 He sends his rolling Eyes, and strains his Sight; 60
 The gazing Servants wave their Hands in Air,
 And the last Nod salutes the fighting Fair.
 With Eyes bent back in kind Return she sends
 The silent Tokens of departing Friends;
 While, unperceiv'd, the watchful Knight withdrew, 65
 And strait prepar'd, impatient to pursue.

PAMELA now, who yet suspects no Fraud,
 Full of her Virtue, does herself applaud;
 Deep in her Mind revolves the lab'ring Scene,
 What now she is, and what she might have been: 70
 With Wonder meditates her blest Escape
 From strong Temptations, and a threaten'd Rape;
 A thousand various Thoughts alternate rise,
 The Births of Fancy that expire in Sighs,

Sudden

Sudden Productions of the pregnant Brain, 75
 That forward croud, as diff'rent Passions reign :
 The Charms of Keeping, and exalted State
 Of low-born Beauties honour'd by the Great,
 Th' Example of her Sex, who 're kept, and keep,
 Of Duchesses, who with their Footmen sleep ; 80
 Secure from Scandal, all, (for who so bold
 To tax her Virtue, who's bedeck'd with Gold ?)
 Glare in her Eyes, and strong Impressions make ;
 (So Vice deceives, when Virtue is at Stake :)
 Now she regrets, and now she's pleas'd, to be 85
 Of Fame untainted, and from Censure free ;
 While deep Concern obstructs the Springs of Life,
 Despair of being made Sir BLUNDER's Wife.

THE blue-ey'd Ev'ning now her Face displays,
 And the Sun westward points his setting Rays ; 90
 The calm Horizon glows with various Dyes,
 And the cool Zephyrs breathe along the Skies ;
 The feather'd Flocks to Groves and Shades repair,
 And painted Flow'rs perfume the curling Air :

Now

Now weary'd Travellers, and lab'ring Swains, 95
 Long for Repose, and quit the fertile Plains,
 Ere the bright Maid (in wand'ring Fancy lost,
 From Thought to Thought in wild Confusion tost)
 With all her Cunning's able to discover
 The well-lay'd Scheme and Practice of her Lover. 100
 New Hopes inspire her Breast, disperse her Trouble,
 Furnish fresh Airs, and all her Pride redouble:
 The Fates are cruel, and her Stars severe;
 And now she rates the treach'rous Char'oteer,
 Now her Tongue rattles off the false Sir BLUNDER, 105
 Quick as a Parrot's, and as loud as Thunder.
 So a brib'd Council warmly pleads the Laws,
 Tho' pre-determin'd to betray the Cause.

PAMELA now a tedious Journey ends,
 At a lone Mansion distant from her Friends, 110
 The promis'd Victim of the lustful Knight,
 Watch'd the whole Day, and doubly barr'd by Night;
 Seems to repine, and makes an outward Shew
 Of deep Distress, and complicated Woe;

Feigns

Feigns interrupted Flights, and dreadful Falls, 115
 Long Tales of drowning, and of scaling Walls :
 So much does female Policy excel
 The Reach of Man, they counterfeit so well.

N O W *Juno's* Malice rushes on apace,
 And Sylphs and Gnomes by turns each other chace ; 120
 The bloodless Parties combat in the Air,
 The Sylphs protect, and Gnomes mislead the Fair :
 Whilst the sly Virgin from her Keeper *JEWKS*
 Hears a sad Lesson of unkind Rebukes ;
 Who calls the Chaplain (*WILLIAMS*) to her Aid, 125
 To chide and document the stubborn Maid.
 Th' officious Gnomes inflame *PAMELA's* Heart,
 (Now doom'd to fall in spite of all her Art)
 Revengeful *Juno's* direful Wrath fulfil,
 Delight in Mischief, and rejoice in Ill, 130
 Gain the Ascendant o'er her Innocence,
 Usurp her Mind, and banish Virtue thence ;
 Who from repeated Visits now grows free,
 Until instructed as she ought to be.

F

From

From the lov'd Chaplain can no Secret hide, 135
 But, quite abandon'd, throws the Mask aside ;
 Gives up that Blessing which so long in vain
 The dying Knight endeavour'd to obtain.
 The faithful Sylphs dejected, upward go,
 Like *Iris* waisted on her painted Bow ; 140
 Heavy of Heart the bright Aërials flew,
 Which the malicious Gnomes with Pleasure view ;
 Give the loose Maid to feel unchaste Desires,
 And in her Bosom kindle *Etna's* Fires.

MEANTIME the Sylphs the Queen of Love ex-
 plore, 145

Tell the sad Tale; and are dispatch'd once more,
 To give PAMELA Fortitude of Mind
 In one great Crisis of her Fate behind.

PAMELA's blameless, 'tis the Fates Decree,
 ' Nor can their Mandates be revers'd by me ; 150
 ' But this (she cries) they will allow at least,
 ' She may be one important Minute chaste:
 ' For in that Instant, if she's not betray'd,
 She weds Sir BLUNDER, and her Fortune's made.

' But

- ' But in her Drink this Sprig of Camphor steep, 155
 ' Of Growth Cœlestial (as she lies asleep :)
 ' The cold Infusion does so valid prove,
 ' So strong an Antidote to Sports of Love,
 ' If drank by me, I'd suffer on my Breast
 ' The God of War to slumber uncaress'd.' 160

She said, and strait the heav'nly Gift they take,
 And darting downward thro' thick Æther break :
 Soon they behold the guilty Fair from far,
 Again surround her, and renew the War.

End of the Fourth CANTO.

C A N T O V.

MEANTIME PAMELA, not quite void of Shame,
 Who, now grown wiser, hates Sir BLUNDER's Name;
 Dotes on the Priest, who ev'ry Hour improves
 The growing Bliss of their ill-fated Loves.

Secret he visits, and with Caution acts:

5

Obtruding Eyes disclose no real Facts,

Beyond what Virtue may the Church allow,

A private Conference, or a public Bow.

Too well he knew what dreadful Wrath would fall

From pow'rful Hands, and overwhelm them all;

10

That ardent Lovers no Encroachments bear,

And all alike are Misers of the Fair.

On a green Bank a spangled Sun-flow'r grows,

The rival Neighbour of the lovely Rose,

Beneath whose Root the fly PAMELA thrust

The folded Volume in the secret Dust :

Deep

Deep thro' the Womb of Earth conveys her Mind,
 For wishing Women many Methods find ;
 And Female Wit no Equal ever knew
 T' appoint a Spark, or speed a Billet-doux. 20
 The courteous Correspondents ev'ry Hour
 Paid frequent Visits to this lively Flow'r ;
 As Devotees frequent the sacred Tomb,
 Where Saints, long canoniz'd, were laid at *Rome* ;
 While WILLIAMS, to defraud the coming Knight, 25
 Consults her Safety, and prepares her Flight.

N O W JOHN the Footman thunders at the Gate,
 As proud and furly as a Magistrate,
 Who loudly signifies the near Approach
 Of his impatient Master's tedious Coach ; 30
 While at th' Alarm the false PAMELA stands,
 Like trembling Reeds, and wrings her faithless Hands ;
 Who bounds her Prospects now with narrower Views,
 And wou'd the Chaplain ere the Patron chuse ;
 Receives Sir BLUNDER, as if half afraid, 35
 With all the Coyness of a modest Maid.

Alike

Alike reserv'd, the meditating Knight
For more substantial Joys prepares the Night.

○ N O W busy Eyes awhile forget to roll,
And needful Slumber seals the active Soul : 40
Ey'n Care awhile in short Oblivion lies,
And wretched Poverty suspends her Cries.
Now Dreams are summon'd from the Realms below,
And Wretches taste of Bliss, and Kings of Woe.
But Love, intruding, Man-disturbing Guest, 45
Sends sad Distraction to Sir BLUNDER's Breast :
Forbids his Mind to rest, his Eyes to close,
When weary Nature sinks to soft Repose.

○ B E D E C K ' D with Ribbands, and in Silks array'd,
Like her own Sex he now assails the Maid : 50
So once *Achilles*, *Tbetis*' Godlike Son,
And great *Alcides*, at the Distaff spun,
And *Omphale* and *Deidamia* won.
Such is the Pow'r of Love, that almost can
To very Woman change the bravest Man. 55

PAMELA,

PAMELA, who of late endur'd to be,
 In the throng'd Bed, the middlemost of three;
 Her Master for the Chambermaid mistakes,
 Nor yet too sound she sleeps, nor well she wakes;
 While he unrobing hides his bearded Face, 60
 Steals into Bed, and strains a close Embrace;
 She yawns, she stretches, feels----then loudly squalls,
 Crosses her Legs, and for Assistance calls:
 In vain the struggling Nymph employs her Strength,
 Held by the Arms, she lies a helpless Length. 65
 What can her Honour in this Crisis guard?
Ariel alone protects his prostrate Ward.
 Thrice had she quaff'd celestial Camphor down,
 Of Taste nectorial, but of Colour brown,
 Greedy as thirsty Drunkards swallow Ale; 70
 But here its Virtues and Effects all fail;
 For the malicious Gnomes subdue her Mind,
 And, unreserv'd, she yields, to Love resign'd.
 Breathless and faint the glowing Beauty lies,
 An easy Conquest, and a glorious Prize, 75
 Had not the active Sylphs renew'd their Care,
 The Knight surrounded, and forsook the Fair.

Compassion,

Compassion, Horror, and Dismay infus'd,
 Till his Heart melts to see the Fair abus'd.
 Dissolv'd in Pity, he forsakes the Bed, 80
 Mourns his Offence, and half resolves to wed;
 While JEWKS upbraids him for not having done
 What she'd have wish'd, had been the Case her own.

PAMELA now with wild Confusion sees
 (From the false Fit recover'd by degrees) 85
 The pensive Knight with mute Attention look:
 Earnest she ey'd him, and her Head she shook,
 While to the Rock of Penitence he's driv'n,
 Submission sues, and is again forgiv'n.
 But to have heard the disappointed Maid 90
 By turns the Bawd and Ravisher upbraid,
 Who but must laugh to see her feign her Fears
 Of being undone, and force a Flood of Tears?
 What'er Pretence might be---her secret Pain
 Was to have been attempted---and in vain; 95
 And WILLIAMS had been welcome to 've appeas'd
 The Tempest that Sir BLUNDER rudely rais'd.

SOON

SOON as the Morning does her Face display,
PAMELA, rising with the dawning Day,
 Visits the Sun-flow'r, and exhibits there, 100
 In one large Packet, the whole Night's Affair.
 The anxious Chaplain views the hasty Scroll,
 Rage at his Heart, and Sorrow at his Soul:
 But, whilst her Flight he meditates in vain,
 The Knight discards her for her cold Disdain; 105
 Determin'd never to behold her more,
 She's now for ever banish'd from his Door;
 A tedious Journey is compell'd to take,
 Almost distracted for the Chaplain's Sake:
 In haste to follow, **WILLIAMS** now prepares, 110
 Neglectful of his Homilies and Pray'rs.
 The prying Knight, whose jealous Mind suspects
 Clandestine Correspondence, now detects
 Th' intriguing Chaplain in his close Amour,
 And fears to think **PAMELA** is a Whore. 115
 Vindictive Fury kindles in his Breast,
 Resentment just, and Vengeance is exprest
 In all his Looks, his Actions, and his Words,
 Wild as the Mountain Deer, or Forest Birds:

Then forms this Scheme, impossible to fail, 120
 To lodge his Ghostly Rival in a Goal !
 With Rage collected to Revenge he flies,
 Till lustful Pray'r-Drudge in a Prison lies;
 Reward of Perfidy ! oh, hapless State,
 He's left in Penitence to macerate. 125
 Be this your Caution, who keep handsome Whores;
 Drive pamper'd Parsons distant from your Doors;
 Of this observant, Chaplains, don't offend,
 Nor for false Woman lose a real Friend.

BUT Love, the strongest Passion of the Mind, 130
 To all her Faults had made Sir BLUNDER blind;
 Infatuation urg'd him on his Fate,
 PAMELA to possess at any rate:
 Her stubborn Heart determin'd to subdue,
 Hasty he scrolls a servile Billet-doux, 135
 That e'en *Medea's* cruel Heart might move,
 Stuff'd with the senseless Rhetoric of Love:
 Wedlock he names, with Innuendoes strong,
 She should be happy, and his Wife ere long,
 Since the Temptations he before had try'd, 140
 Had prov'd her Worth sufficient for his Bride.

Then

G

Thoughtless

Thoughtless Sir BLUNDER, from this Period date
 The future Series of your hapless Fate :
 Tho' now in fancy'd Bliss---too soon you'll mourn,
 And grieve the Moment of her curs'd Return : 145
 And, while you judge you're in an Angel blest'd,
 You'll find a Serpent latent in your Breast.
 So *Corvus* thought his Bride had heav'nly Charms,
 But found *Megara* raging in his Arms.

THE speedy Courier now o'ertakes the Maid, 150
 Where (for Refreshment) on the Road she staid ;
 True to her Sex, with Falshood in her Soul,
 She kisses, reads, then hugs the welcome Scroll ;
 Her Fortune meditates, returns in haste,
 Impatient to conduct the nuptial Feast. 155
 But such the Falshood is of Woman's Heart,
 So dark their Cunning, and so deep their Art ;
 So certain to deceive where Honour binds,
 Such Frailty taints their undetermin'd Minds ;
 Who's most oblig'd, is soonest insincere, 160
 And she's most faithless, who is held most dear.

THE Wedding-day by joint Agreement fixt,
 At length, (with some short Interval betwixt)

To this the Sylphs and Gnomes alike agreed:
 The Gnomes consented, as the Fates decreed; 165
 For such was their Decree, that she should wed,
 And reign the Tyrant of her Master's Bed.
 Now all preceding Ceremonies o'er,
 PAMELA's his, and she is coy no more;
 While Jests obscene around the Table fall, 170
 And she the pointed Mark and Butt of all.
 Soon she retires, nor ignorant she goes,
 To wait his coming, thoughtless of Repose.
 The Pow'rs of Love the faithful Sylphs discharge,
 Now free to roam the Realms of Air at large; 175
 While yet the busy Gnomes, by *Juno*-sent,
 Domestic Jars and growing Feuds foment:
 No more of Manners mild, or Temper gay,
 PAMELA now contends for sov'reign Sway;
 The fierce Virago throws the Mask aside, 180
 And strait shews forth her native headstrong Pride;
 In Bed dissatisfy'd, in Love grown cold,
 Nothing he has can please her—but his Gold.
 Soon a large Diff'rence 'twixt the rival Lovers
 (Sir BLUNDER and the Chaplain) she discovers: 185

While

While he's perplex'd a wide Extreme to meet,
 And she so alter'd, who was once discreet.
 But, ah! too late, his Error he bemoans,
 And to the Music of her Lectures groans :
 As the shrill Trumpet, amidst loud Alarms, 190
 Sounds to the Charge, and urges on to Arms ;
 Her Tongue as loud, and to the full as shrill,
 And restless as the Clacker of a Mill,
 Worries Sir BLUNDER, till he condescends
 He and the Chaplain should again be Friends : 195
 Both she has try'd, and who so skill'd to chuse ?
 Both she prefer'd, nor would she either lose.
 Thus, like Twin Stars, within her Sphere they move,
 One for his Gold prefer'd, and one for Love.

THE drudging Chaplain is again restor'd 200
 To her Embraces, and his Patron's Board ;
 Long, unsuspected, he enjoy'd her Charms,
 Shar'd in her Love, and'revell'd in her Arms.
 At length the Knight by curst Misfortune came,
 And was himself the Witness of her Shame ; 205
 Citations issu'd, and such Things of course,
 Nor could the Law obtain him a Divorce.

Long Bills he fil'd; but broke his Heart with Grief;
Nor could his Riches purchase him Relief;
For who in Wealth, or Opulence, can find
A Place of Refuge from a tortur'd Mind?

BY *Juno's* Malice, and the Fates Decree,
PAMELA, urg'd to shameless Actions, see:
Yet, tho' abandon'd, who can brand her Fame?
Her Stars were cruel, and alone to blame.

By these thro' many Mazes blindly led,
Thro' ev'ry Crime that taints the Marriage-Bed,
How could she pass with Character unstain'd?
Or how avert what Heav'n had pre-ordain'd?
Then on her Frailties some Compassion take,
And spare the Strumpet for the Woman's Sake.

So would the Muse, if Verse, like these, could live,
A Fame immortal to PAMELA give;
Conceal those Follies which might blast her Fame,
But her Perfections to the World proclaim.



End of the Fifth and Last CANTO.